

Pal. Look to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus,*

We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this owne Edict followes thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover.
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie.
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,

What more then man is this!

Thes. I have sworne.

Arc. We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beautie,

As I love most, and in that faith wi
As I have brought my life here to
As I have serv'd her truest, worthi
As I dare kill this Cosen, that deni
So let me be most Traitor, and ye p
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske
Why she is faire, and why her eye
Stay here to love her; and if she sa
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pittie of
If unto neither thou shew mercy.
(As thou art just) thy noble care
As thou art valiant; for thy Cose
Whose 12. strong labours crown
Lets die together, at one instant D
Onely a little let him fall before
That I may tell my Soule he shall

Thes. I grant your wish, for to
Hasten times more offended, for
More mercy then you found, Sir,
Being no more then his: None
For ere the Sun set, both shall sle

Hipol. Alas the pittie, now or
Speake not to be denide; That fa
Will beare the curses else of aste
For these lost Cosen.

Emil. In my face deare Sister
I finde no anger to'em; nor no ru
The misadventure of their owne
Yet that I will be woman, and ha
My knees shall grow to'th grou
Helpe me deare Sister, in a deed
The powers of all women will l
Most royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our eye of Mar

Emil. By your owne spotles

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honef